

Ocean Blues

Story: Ocean Blues

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Summary: "Long ago, he had promised to show them the ocean....."

***Chapter 1*: Ocean Blues**

ME: Hey everybody. My humour muse seems to have died on me, so I decided to write an angsty Gareth-perspective-ish fic instead. This one's set while the original four adepts are travelling from Lalivero on Babi's boat at the very end of the first game. But first, I need a disclaimer!

DISCLAIMER: I HAVEN'T EVEN FINISHED SCHOOL YET, DO YOU HONESTLY THINK I OWN GOLDEN SUN? NO? I DIDN'T THINK SO...

ME: Well then, let's get on with it!

#

The ocean was vast. It stretched out as far as the eye could see, like a shimmering carpet, stained red by the approaching twilight. The sun hung low on the horizon, and it would not be long until darkness fell, closing the curtain on another day.

But tomorrow it would all be the same, and Gareth was tired of it.

Standing idly, arms limp over the railings, he stared across into the horizon. A cool night breeze ruffled his hair slightly, but apart from that, there was no movement.

It had been like this for an eternity.

He would have liked to think that the worst was over, but as of recently pessimism had set in, and doubt occupied every corner of his mind. For now it was almost a year since he had

seen her last, upon the aerie of the Mercury lighthouse. It still caused a spark of pain and guilt in his chest to think of it.

Things had changed since then though, but in many ways, everything was still the same. They were still travelling, Isaac and himself, and Jenna was gone again. Another chance to save her, wasted

The three of Vale had been spilt down the middle, their lives in disarray. A once-strong friendship, so unwillingly destroyed by hate and fire. New bonds had formed, but none like that they had had, a lifetime ago.

At least, that was what it felt like. For Vale was maybe even a hundred miles or more away, Gareth didn't know. Geography was boring. Especially when taught by an old man who thought he knew all, but really knew nothing.

But Kraden was a fool, and the memories of his old teacher's words now left a bitter taste in Gareth's mouth.

Long ago, he had promised to show them the ocean...

Long ago, when Jenna was with him. When they were inside the elemental star room of Sol Sanctum, he had promised that one day, he would show them the ocean.

One day had now come and gone, and now the ocean was spread out before Gareth like he had always dreamed.

But it didn't make him happy.

It didn't make him happy at all. Instead the tiredness had increased, as his weary amber eyes searched the endless waters for something, anything to fill the void. Though nothing ever did.

And the beauty of the ocean was lost on a man who longed for something far beyond his reach, though he would never stop in his quest of obtaining it.

For Jenna was out there somewhere, of that he was sure. It would take more than the collapse of the Venus lighthouse to crush her fiery spirit.

Turning away suddenly, Garet stood with his back on the rail, a slight smile on his lips.

It wasn't over. Jenna was alive.

And next time, they would watch the sun set over the ocean together.

#

ME: Whoooooooo, short! (Coughs.) Uhh, sorry.

REVIEW!